

how amazed and confounded was he when he found them all silent. He thought he might probably learn of them something respecting the policy, trade, and manners of their neighbours; but they prudently shut the gate of knowledge against him, nor could he, with all his strength and all his art, procure any thing more than *Mum*. How much soever this might seem like a disappointment, he ever respected those ladies who had so great a command of that licentious member the tongue, as to be able on all occasions to keep their mouth shut.

Woglog never could bear people that were affected. *Affection*, says he, *debases human nature, and renders those, who might otherwise be amiable, insipid and ridiculous*. Fops and coxcombs, therefore, of all creatures in the universe he despised; and took every opportunity of offering them up to public ridicule. --- I remember once at a ball there was a gentleman excessively foolish and conceited, and so much admired his own manner of dancing that he was continually looking at his legs: *Woglog*, stepping up to him, *Sir*, says he, *you dance incomparably: Pray may I know what*
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gentleman had the honour to teach you? 'Why Sir, answered the coxcomb, curling up his mouth, I was begun by Mons. Chelovie, then improved by Nicolai, then by Mons. Chabrang, then by de la Tout, then by Mess. le Grantoux, and Polloritiz; and at last completed by 'Nicolini.' And thou art the completest puppy I ever saw, says Woglog, and gave him such a twirl with his finger and thumb, that he spun like Tom Harrison's top. Then turning to the company: Dancing, says he, is a good and a graceful exercise, 'tis an exercise that contributes both to the health of the body and the mind; and I would not have it debased by comical fops and affected fooleries.

Though extremely grave and sedate in his person and appearance, he would sometimes assume an air of pleasantry, and was capable of hitting off what the *French* call a *bon mot*. I remember when he was at *Bath*, a lady accosted him in this manner, Well, Mr. *Woglog*, where have you been? At church, Madam, says he; and pray my lady, where have you been? Drinking the waters, said she---But not for health?---No truly, I only drink them for wantonness. Well, Madam, and have they
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